No. 44. PAGE 173

THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1805.

NOVELIST.

BENEVOLENCE ITS OWN REWARD.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

IN a gloomy evening, in the month of November, a violent shower of rain compelled Mr. Darwell, a gentleman of considerable property, to take shelter at the first inn he could find on the road along which he was riding, and which stood near the entrance of a small country-town. While he remained here, waiting for better weather, he overheard the landlord and his wife who were in an adjoining room, consulting together in what manner they should get rid of a poor woman, their lodger, who they perceived had no longer any money to satisfy their demands, and whom they, therefore, unanimously resolved the next day to turn out in the street, and abandon to the kindness of the parish, and the generosity of the world at large. Mr. Darwell who had heard the whole of this consultation, was not a little moved by the unfeeling manner in which the final resolution was taken; and, as he possessed a considerable portion of the true spirit of active benevolence, he resolved to inquire further into the situation of this poor woman, and, if he found her deserving, to afford her some relief and protection. With this view he called the landlord, and entering into conversation with him, soon induced him to mention his lodger; whose husband, he said, had he supposed, run away from her; but he could not afford to maintain her on that account, and so, as he found all her money was gone, he must make her run after him.

"As to the woman herself," said he, "I have nothing to say against her; she is certainly a very decent, quiet, good woman, but what of that? I cannot live by her decentness and goodness. There is above ten shillings due to me already, and that, if I can't get it, why it must go: but I must have her take herself away, for I want the room—and take herself away she shall."

Mr. Darwell now expressed a desire to see this woman; telling his host, that if he found her to be the person he suspected he should not lose his ten shillings, but that he would himself endeavor to do something for her relief.

"Oh, ho!" says Boniface, "I think I understand you. Well now you will find her as comely a lass as you would wish to set your eyes on; and, as she is in such want, I dare say a little money will go a great way, compared with the price of these things in town."

Without making any reply to this illiberal insinuation, Mr. Darwell, according to the directions given by the landlord, went up stairs and in a poor room, with scarcely any thing in it but a wretched bed, found Mrs. Martin, a handsome, middle-aged woman, with an infant about two months old in her lap. He introduced himself by telling her the plain fact—that overhearing some discourse concerning her, in which were particulars that at once excited his compassion and gave him a favorable opinion of her he had wished to see her, to inquire of herself her real situation, and to endeavor to afford her some relief.

"Sir," said she, "to be thus addressed by a stranger, cannot but appear very extraordinary to one who for a long time,—that is to say, since she has been assailed by misfortunes and poverty, has not heard professions of friendship from any living creature. I hope my situation does not embolden licentiousness to make to me any unworthy overtures; which, whatever I may appear, will be rejected with the most indignant scorn. I besides, still have a husband who loves me, and who, when he regains his liberty, will revenge any insult offered me at the hazard of his life.

Tears gushed into her eyes as she spoke these words.

"Madam," said he, "believe me I scorn the idea of making so base an offer as much as you can the insulting proposal. My only motive for wishing to see you, was to relieve your distress, the temporary relief of a guinea I could have sent you; but I have often observed that benevolent intentions frequently fail of half their effect for want of proper inquiry."

"Sir," said Mrs. Martin, your appearance and manner inspire me with confidence. My story is not long. I resided several years with a country gentleman of fortune, as his house-keeper, when I became acquainted with the person who is now my husband. My master—who was a very worthy, but a very whimsical and almost superannuated old gentleman, was greatly offended at my marrying, and, when he paid me the wages due to me, forbad me again to enter his house. I had however saved some money in his service, and with that my husband, who had been bred to the sea, purchased a small coasting vessel, and for about two years we lived very happily, and were sufficiently successful in our undertakings, but at the end of that time my husband's vessel was wrecked, he lost his all, though (thank Heaven!) he preserved his life, and, nothing we attempted succeeding, we are at length reduced to the situation you see. About three weeks ago, too, to complete our misfortunes, he was pressed, and carried on board a ship of war which sailed immediately, and thus a-

I perhaps for a very long time, deprived of him and of all earthly assistance."

"That shall not be," said Mr. Darwell, "for I have still wealth enough left to do some good in the world with, though I am on the point of losing the one half of my estate; because my father, who was as you say of your master a very worthy, but almost superannuated old gentleman, concealed some deeds of importance (I suppose for safety) in such a manner that they cannot be found; and without they can be produced, the claimants against me have so plausible a case, that an estate must be lost of two thousand a year. I will pull the house down however, but I will find them. But all this is nothing to you. Permit me to ask you the name of the gentleman with whom you resided as house-keeper?"

Mr. Darwell of Hadley-hall, Hampshire. He died about a twelvemonth ago."

"My father!—But it is not surprising that I should not know you: for I resided many years abroad with my uncle in the West-Indies, and only came home on the death of my father. You knew my elder brother, who died about a year before my father, and who was our late king's favorite?"

"I did: he was a good young gentleman. He died about a month after I left Hadley-hall."

Mrs. Martin now seemed to muse for a while, then, suddenly starting, exclaimed—

"I could almost venture to wager a good sum that I can find the deeds you have mentioned, if the large shed near the green-house has never been examined. I have frequently observed my master to go into that shed, and seemed to look round as if to see that no one noticed him. I one day happened to be near unobserved by him, and as you know a woman's curiosity, watched him, and saw him go into a dark corner, open a private door, and go down some steps. I remember, too, that he once told me that he had by accident found so private and secure a place, that he believed he could conceal any thing he chose in such a manner that it should never be discovered. This information may, perhaps, prove of importance to you."

Mr. Darwell was much struck with the intelligence, and, procuring a post-chase, he took Mrs. Martin immediately to his house, which was about twenty miles distant. She found the place she had described, though the opening was so artfully concealed that there was no appearance of a door. In the cellar to which the stairs led, were above a hundred guineas in money, and in a chest, the writings which had been so anxiously sought in vain.

Mr. Darwell presented Mrs. Martin with the money, and settled on her an annuity of an hundred a year. Her husband in a few months returned to England, procured his discharge, and they lived together happily under the protection of Mr. Darwell.

MISCELLANY.

A Caution against making too much Haste to be Rich.

A MILLER had comfortably supported his family for many years, by the profits of a grist mill; and in that course of honest industry, he led a contented life, until (unhappily for his repose) a neighbor of his chanced to find a large treasure that had been hidden in the earth. This incident poisoned the miller's peace and made him as restless as a fish out of the water. "Must I (thought he) drudge daily at my mill for a bare livelihood, while neighbor *Goodluck* has made his fortune in a trice, and is strutting and riding about in his fine carriage!" From that time, the miller when he rose up and when he lay down, was constantly thinking about money hidden in the earth; at length he dreamed that a large pot of money was buried under one corner of his mill. He awaked in raptures, but wanted to have the dream repeated, that so he might know for certainty that there was no deception in it.—Every thing happened according to his wish; for the very next night he was visited in his sleep with the same *golden* dream.—The miller rose early in the morning, and after a violent struggle, having removed a large and heavy stone that lay under that particular corner of the mill to which his fortunate dream had directed him, and then striking with an iron bar, he plainly heard the pot ring—Striking again, the *money* itself resounded clear and distinct to his imagination. There was now a full demonstration of his success.—He hastened to call his wife and to obtain her help in lifting out the treasure.—"Wife," said he, (while tears of joy glistened in his eyes) "Wife, lay aside your spinning wheel, you will never need to use that, nor to put your fingers to a dishcloth any more.—I have found a large pot of money! it is under the great corner stone of my mill, come along with me and help me to take it out."

She hastily arose, and they ran both together to the fortunate place—where—not a pot of money was seen; but the mill itself, undermined in digging for the money, having toppled over, was beheld laying in ruins: and in the loss of the mill, the daily support of the family was destroyed. Reader, do you smile at the miller's folly? Look around in this country and you will find thousands like him, who quitting the small, but certain gains of honest industry, to grasp imaginary riches, have plunged themselves and their families into poverty and wretchedness.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

By M. Sherlock.

THE Count de Peltzer, an officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of a widow near sixty years old. He was handsome, brave to an excess, and deeply in love with Mademoselle de Benskow. She was in her eighteenth year, gentle, pretty, and born with an extreme sensibility. Her lover, just turned of twenty, was loved with a passion equal to his own, and the day was fixed to make them happy. It was the 20th of June, 1778.

The Prussian troops are always ready to take the field; and the 19th of June, at ten o'clock at night, the Count's regiment received orders to march at midnight for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his mistress at a country house four leagues from the town. He set off consequently without seeing her; and he wrote to her from the first place where he stopped, that it was impossible for him to live without her, that it was essential to his happiness that she should follow him immediately, and that they should be married in Silesia. He wrote at the same time to her brother, who was his most intimate friend, to plead his cause with her parents. She set out, accompained by this brother, and by her lover's mother. Never did the sands of Brandenburgh ap-

pear so heavy as to this charming girl; but at length the journey ended, and she arrived at the town of Horstadt;—it was in the morning, and "never" said her brother to me, "did my eyes see a woman lovelier than my sister. The exercise of the journey had added to her bloom, and her eyes painted what passed in her heart." But, O human prospects! how deceitful are you? How near is the moment of wretchedness to the moment of felicity? The carriage is stopped to let pass some soldiers, who, advancing with slow steps, bore in their arms a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady was affected at the sight: she little expected that it was her lover. Some Austrian strangers had approached this town, and the young Count went out to repulse them. Burning to distinguish himself, he rushed with ardour before his troop, and fell the victim of his unhappy impetuosity.

To describe the situation of this unfortunate young woman, would be to insult at once your heart and your imagination. Her lover is placed in his bed; his mother is at his feet, and his mistress holds his hand. "O Charlotte" cried he, opening a dying eye—he wanted to speak; but his voice broke, and he melted into tears. His tone had pierced the soul of his mistress; she lost her reason, and—"No,—I will not survive you," cried she, quite frantic and seized a sword. They disarmed her; and he made a sign with his hand that they should bring her to his bedside. She came; he grasped her arm; and after two painful efforts to speak, he says with a sob. "Live my Charlotte, to comfort my mother,"—and expired.—When I passed through Berlin, in July 1779, the unfortunate lady had not recovered her senses.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

MOSES TRUEMAN and James Sharper had been school fellows. Trueman had a plain plodding mind: he was orderly and diligent, but discovered no marks of uncommon ingenuity. Sharper was quick to learn, had ready wit and was distinguished for craft and stratagem.——He was esteemed the brightest boy in the school; and his doating parents fondly anticipated his future greatness.—Their education finished, it happened that those two young men went into business about the same time and under nearly equal circumstances.

Trueman was diligent, frugal, careful and contented himself with the gains of honest industry. His promise he ever held sacred, and his word was as good as his bond. There appeared no kind of art or mystery about him, no disposition to take advantages of the ignorant or unexperienced; but he walked on in the plain path of downright honesty, meeting out an equal measure to every person with whom he had dealings. Thus his character for prudence and strict integrity soon became established. His credit was such that he was able at any time, on the strength of it, to obtain supplies of goods or cash: yet he made a frugal use of even his own credit, generally declining to extend it as far as it might go; for he prudently considered that he had better forego some present advantages in business, than to disappoint creditors and at the same time put to hazard his own character for punctuality. No person ever heard Trueman say a witty thing: though his judgment was sound, he was never thought a man of bright parts; but, what was much better, he was universally esteemed a man of solid worth. His industry, frugality and careful management, gained him a handsome estate, and his strict honesty acquired him the respect of all his acquaintance.

Sharper heartily despised Trueman's plodding method of life, and was determed to be a dashy fellow and to grow rich by cunning and artifice. He knew that he was able to lay a hundred plans to deceive and take in simple people, and he had no doubt but he could make his fortune by it. At first he had some scruples of conscience, but he flattered himself that when he should become rich, he would make such a liberal use of his riches as would atone for his knavery in getting them. He constantly busied his brain in spreading snares for plain unsuspecting people; and he soon found that his craft and his gains exceeded even his expectations.—Sometimes he would gain more in a single day, than Trueman did in three or four months,—At one stroke he swindled Timothy Goslin out of the whole of a snug estate; and he did it so cunningly that no human law could touch him for it. Sharper's heart smote him a little at the thought that he had brought Goslin and his family to ruin; but mean while it tickled his vanity that he had performed the trick more artfully than almost any other person could have done it. Poor Goslin was not the only man that fell a prey to Sharper's craft—he utterly ruined several industrious thrifty families, and there were scores and even hundreds that he had cheated more or less.

After, all, Sharper is not worth a groat, nay he is many degres below CYPHER.—All this may be easily accounted for—In the first place, it was a fixed principle with him never to pay a debt until he was forced to it, and therefore with the costs of court and the Sheriff's fees, he often had to pay almost double. A few times also he met with sharpers who "bit the biter" and even outwitted him in his own way; and notwithstanding all his crafty art he sometimes was detected in his roguery and had to pay dear for it.—His credit lost and his character blasted, every man's hand was against him: every man felt an interest in hunting him down as if he was a beast of prey.—If he happened to have a good cause in a court of justice, he was almost sure to lose it, by reason that the jury knowing him to be a villain in his general character, could not easily be made to believe that he had acted honestly in any particular instance. Sharper has lived a life of industry and extreme disquietude.—His mind has been continually on the rack, either painfully busied in devising means to ensnare others, or agitated with fearful apprehensions of detection, or painted and mangled with the whips and stings of remorse and shame—Oft has he heard himself reproached and cursed—oft has he beheld the finger of scorn pointed at him—oft has he had to hide himself from the officers of justice.—Sharper is wretched, and no body pities him, no body is disposed to assist him.—The same talents and the same portion of industry bestowed honestly on useful business, which he has employed in knavery, would have ensured him a good estate and would have rendered him respectable in society.

A CARD.

THOSE persons who have borrowed Books from the subscriber, are earnestly requested to return them as soon as possible, as he intends shortly to remove from this borough. JOHN BRADBURY.

POETRY.

[The following is a German drinking song, popular in the Rhingau, and probably the inspiration of the *old Hock*, which it celebrates.]

—

BEKRANZT mit laub den liebe vollen becher,
Und trinkt ihn frolich leer;
In ganz Europa, ihr herren recher,
Ist solch ein wein nicht mehr.

Ihn bringt das vatterland aus seiner fulle,
Wie war er sonst so gut?
Wie war er sonst so edel stille,
Und doch voll kraft und muth?

Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsre reben;
Gesegnet sey der Rhein!
Da wachsen sie am ufer hin, und geben
Uns diesen lieben wein.

So trinkt hin dann, und last uns alle wege
Uns freun und frolich seyn;
Und, wissten wir wo jemand traurig lage,
Wir gaben ihm den wein.

THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

SWEET innocent, artless and gay,
How happy thy moments are spent,
How careless thy life glides away,
How nearly allay'd to content!

No ills thy glad fancy engage,
Nor passions tempestuously roll;
Nor cares in thy bosom dare rage,
To banish the peace of thy soul.

No fears thy soft slumbers can find,
No terrors disturb thy repose;
Just conscience untri'd is thy friend,
And innocence shields thee from woes.

Alas! but how transient these joys,
When manhood approaches they're o'er,
That bliss some reflection destroys,
That nature had nurtur'd before.

Then closely thy guiltless palm press,
Reward but a mother's fond care,
With tokens of gratitude bless
The heart you extensively share.

Nor be like thy false sex employ'd,
While vainly their partners complain;
Still slighting the sweets they enjoy'd,
As ne'er worth enjoyment again.

When you bid these fond arms adieu,
And stray from these scenes of delight,
Let wisdom encompass thy view,
And virtue thy fancy invite.

Perhaps in the battle's loud roar,
Thou'rt wast on the pinions of fame;
Or curs'd with the greatness of power,
And tyranny waits on thy name.

Then think on that tenderness shown,
Thy youth when defenceless and weak;
Nor ev'n for the pride of a throne,
Love, justice, nor mercy forsake.

If fortune should leave thee obscure,
My son, ne'er repine at thy fate,
The monarch in power is poor,
The beggar in freedom is great.

COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

O blest Religion, heav'nly fair!
Thy kind, thy healing power;
Can sweeten pain, and soften care,
And gild each gloomy hour.

'Tis thou can'st make the heathen bless'd,
And make their darkness light,
Cheer'd by thy blessings, see them rise,
To hope, to life and light.

'Tis thou can'st sooth their troubled soul,
In slavery, woe, and pain;
And Afric's sons with grateful joy,
The sacred peace shall gain!

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade:

Thy sacred dictates can assuage,
The tempest of the soul;
And ev'ry fear shall loose its rage,
At thy divine controul.

Through life's bewilder'd darksome way,
Thy hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path, thy heav'nly ray,
A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thy aid!

O let my heart confess thy pow'r
And find thy sweet relief;
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And soften ev'ry grief.

YOU ask why Fanny pleases more
Than others of the female train;
Sally, I've told thee o'er and o'er,
And now I tell thee once again.

'Tis true some men will always seek
The forward eye and saucy air;
I love the red on Fanny's cheek,
'Tis *Modesty* that colours there.

Observe her fine, blue, trembling eye,
No vacant stare, no idle gaze;
But every glance, whoe'er is by,
A fearful bashfulness betrays.

I ask'd a rose on Fanny's breast,
It was a damask rose and fair;
And trembling to be thus address'd,
She gave it with embarrass'd air:

Yet all declar'd that when I took
The lovely present by the stem,
From her white hand, that gently shook,
The leaves did not so ruddy look,
Her blushes far outrivall'd them.

The violet is Flora's care,
And by the hedge delights as soon—
As the proud rose in open air,
That spreads her bosom, round and bare,
To the rude kiss of fervent June.

But mark the spoiler in his walk,
(The moral I will leave to you)
He'll tear the rose off from the stalk,
And leave the violet where it grew.

[The following curious advertizement, appeared in the Otsego Herald, some time since.]

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STRAYED or stolen in July last,
Two heifers, each one year old past,
One is a brown, the other red,
No white, I think, about their head,
And if my mem'ry serve me right,
There is about their flanks some white.
Whoever may these heifers find,
And unto me will be so kind
To send me word and let me know,
Which way they are, and where to go,
I will reward them for their labor,
And say they've acted like a neighbor,
And if, thro' need, there's money spent,
I will refund it, to a cent,
Or make them good by way of barter,
And rest their loving friend,
JOHN CARTER.

PROPOSALS

Will be issued from this office, in the course of a few days, for publishing, in this borough, a weekly newspaper, to be entitled

The Lancaster True American.

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We contemplate publishing it on paper, similar in size and quality to that which is generally used for the Philadelphia daily papers, at the moderate price of two dollars per annum, payable in half yearly advances; and, shall be published independently of any interested party attachment, and with special reference to the principles of truth and purity.

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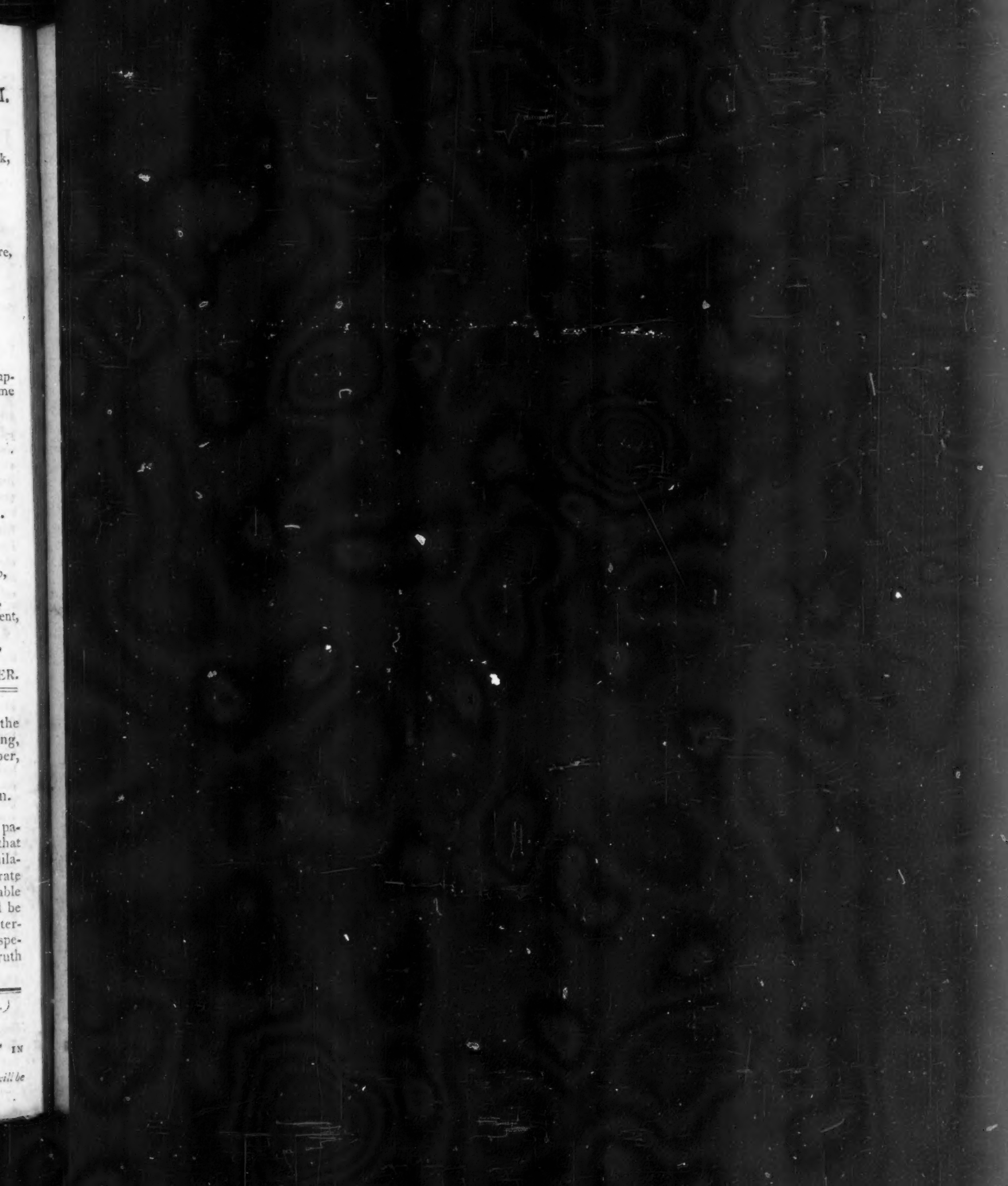

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How careless thy life glides away,
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